

LETTER TO W. D. S.

Christ, you made me sad
with your love tunes gone awry
and the bitter root twining, mossy,
among the pages of a songsheet tossed to

wind down the wind and
moulder in a lost cranny
of some meadow. I'm not used to loss,
though aware of it, as one is aware of

cancer. A woman
I knew, wrinkled like blown snow,
died of a wild part of herself which
ravened its own life. Her children, grown to seed

themselves, kept locks on
their tongues, but their hearts' faceless
prisoner snarled at the world through the
portcullises of eyes. Like those striped lines of

yours, that scourge of ink
and pillory of paper.
Why did you flay yourself there, in the
marketplace? Was it because sorrow shown is

simpler than covert
loneliness? All of us are
alone. The world we blow through is cold.
Snow fetters our sorrow, yet we flute and fife.

Lewis Turco